

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Helen's Daughter.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.
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HE judge sat with one leg stretched out before him on a green plush settee. It was wrapped and swaddled like a pampered baby, but the expression on the owner's face showed no affection for it. He glared at it resentfully, while Letitia sat on the edge of a chair and waited anxiously, wondering if the big old painting over the mantel was a portrait of her mother. Neither of them noticed the buzzing of the street doorbell.

"It's preposterous sending you on to me without first obtaining my consent," fumed the judge. "How many are there besides you?"

"Only Bob, and he's older. He's working. If there had been only little ones I'd have stayed and looked after them with mother gone." Her tone seemed to say that the judge should have understood this in her first place, and he caught his hint.

"You can't possibly stay here. No place to put you. Nobody lives here with me but Flint and Aoki—Flint looks after me and Aoki after the house. We don't want any female on the premises."

He eyed her quizzically to see if she got any of his sardonic humor, but Letitia was frankly tired after her long journey, and only looked at the situation from a personal angle. Her eyes glanced around the large, high-ceiled old study in the back of the house. Here the judge lived most of his life, she knew. It was untidy and dusty, papers and books piled indiscriminately everywhere, books in their tall black walnut cases jammed in without regard to order.

"I could help you a lot, grandfather. I always worked with father in his study, and I know how to dust and file and arrange papers, and I can do typewriting, too."

"Think it needs it here, don't you?" demanded the judge. "I like things this way. Never let anyone touch any of my papers in my life."

The street door opened and closed, and somebody came along the polished hallway with a quick soft step. Letitia did not know she was taking her first look at her champion when John Farley stepped in and smiled at her, a slender, almost childish figure in black at the mercy of the judge's wit and favor.

"Helen's daughter," was the way in which the judge introduced her, curtly adding, "she just suggested living with me in order to put my place in order. Do you agree with her, John?"

"I certainly do," said Farley heartily. As he seated himself at the broad, lat-topped desk and opened his case of legal papers. "I wish I had somebody this minute to take dictation and help me, sir."

"Humph!" growled the judge; "take off your hat and coat, Letitia. If this doesn't work out right, I'll hold you responsible, John."

Farley laughed roundly and met Letitia's quick, appealing eyes, the loveliest eyes he had ever seen.

"I stand responsible," he agreed. From that day on Letitia's work was cut out for her, as they said back home. She was given a little room upstairs, and every day found her laboring under the judge's watchful eye, straightening out the library and the mallee in the old study. And every day at 4:30 came Farley, with his case of papers, to go over the business of the day with the judge and look at Letitia.

She had become plumper and rosier since that first day. Aoki, the Japanese house boy, who adored her very shadow, and her appetite. Another duty which she had taken upon herself was airing Becket, the big English bulldog, and Rienzi, the Italian greyhound. This gave her an excuse to get out on the drive for long walks, and Farley found that, by finishing his work about 5:30, he could join her for a short tramp.

And during these times their friendship ripened, until one day Letitia ventured to tell him her new trouble. She even showed him the ring on her left finger, a very plain little ring, with a forget-me-not in turquoise surrounded by pearls.

It was a very old affair, she assured him, quite two years. Bert was twenty-two now, and when he left for college she had promised to marry him. It was only to encourage him, she added, plaintively. She had never thought he would care for her so long, especially when he didn't even see her. Of course she was eighteen now, and old enough to know her own mind, and

"And you don't want to marry Bert, is that it?" asked Farley briefly, trying to hide from himself how her words hurt him. "Is he coming on here?"

"I don't know. He says he won't let me stay here half killing myself working for somebody who doesn't care for me. Don't you think grandfather cares for me one single bit, Mr. Farley?"

"I don't see how," Farley checked himself, and stared over at the Jersey shore with its twinkling rows of light.

"You're the only relative the judge has. Of course, you know all he has will be yours in the event of his death about \$200,000, besides the residence itself. He has changed his will in your favor recently, so I am sure he has a deep affection for you."

"Oh, dear, why did he do that?" sighed Letitia, hopelessly. "Now he'll expect me to stay here with him forever, won't he? I didn't want any of his old money. Mother always told me that if she were to die, I must be sure and come to him and try to make him happier."

"And you're not happy?" asked Farley.

"Happier than I was at first, but it's pretty lonesome. If it wasn't for the dogs and you, Mr. Farley, I don't know what I'd do."

Farley laughed and stroked Rienzi's silken, soft nose.

"I am flattered," he said teasingly. "Some day, Rienzi, I hope to get ahead

Confessions of a Bride

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Tommy Philosophizes on Chivalry for Working Girls.

"You're getting too thin, ma'am—and white. I guess I'll just come around and take you out in the bus a little while," came Tommy's voice over the phone next day. It was a very decided voice so I agreed at once and presently I was whirling away with Tommy through the cold April sunshine. Our ride was delayed at the last moment because Tommy had to go out and buy me a thick dark veil. Jane Lorimer had to be concealed otherwise scores of persons would recognize her.

The ride did me good and so did Tommy's remarks. He kept a long way from personal topics, only saying concerning the Lorimers that the family would have something to tell me in the evening.

We spoke of unimportant matters, much as distant relatives do when riding to a funeral. Just to keep Tommy talking I said:

"You promised to make me a cashier Tommy. Going to keep your word?"

"Sure, ma'am. But if you'd said clerk I dunno."

"What's your objection to girl clerks in groceries, Tommy?"

"Well, ma'am some of 'em won't tie up dried fish. It smells their hands, they say. So they get one of the boys to wrap it and they just stand around and wait and so it's the same as me paying two clerks to tie up one little mackerel."

"Make a rule, Tommy," I said almost too carelessly.

"Hell! I beg your pardon ma'am. I'd never be done making rules. There is always a girl hollerin' to one of the boys for suthin' which a man clerk could tend to himself. They're always yellin' 'Listen Bill! Go down in the basement and bring up a box of starch."

of you, old boy, and even of Becket and Bert. Some day when the judge is specially irritable, and she feels like flying away, I think we will take her for a long walk and tell her a number of things."

Letitia's head was higher than usual, her eyes very bright as she hesitated on the first step. She wished he would say more instead of just standing and looking at her that way, but John was a lawyer and knew when to stop his summing-up speech to get the best effect on the jury.

"I think," said Letitia finally in a little flurry of uncertainty, "that they'd like to walk a little farther on to night."

cream carrots, fruit salad, cookies.

FRIDAY.

Breakfast—Canned pears and stewed raisins, boiled rice, toast, coffee.

Lunch—Peanut butter omelette head lettuce salad, French dressing.

Dinner—Baked whitefish, egg sauce, mashed potato, buttered peas and carrots fresh gingerbread, maple sauce.

SATURDAY.

Breakfast—Grapefruit, rice, waffles, sirup, cocoa.

Lunch—Escalloped cauliflower and cheese, cabbage and green pepper salad, mayonnaise dressing, dates.

Dinner—Mutton stew with vegetables, brown bread, salad of young onions and radishes, sponge cake with orange sauce, coffee.

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Be Sure You Come to Osgood's for Your Final Easter Requirements

Unusually Complete Stocks of Attractive Garments
Assure Satisfying Last Minute Service

SUITS

STYLED TO THE
MINUTE

NOTHING newer, nothing more desirable in Suits is available than the carefully chosen modes to be had here. And particularly interesting is the fact that "last-minute" shoppers will find complete assortments so there will be no possibility of restriction in their selecting. Every favored fabric, trimming, design and coloring is represented.

\$25.00 to \$125.00

WRAPS

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FOR STREET AND DRESS

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\$15.95 to \$79.50

Easter Means Hats



For most women Easter means the gayest, handsomest, most carefully chosen Hat of the year and to those women who shop here every opportunity is afforded to gratify this whim. The Osgood Hat section is so abundantly supplied with all that is new and correct that one will surely find the most becoming style at whatever amount one may have decided to invest.

Hats Priced at \$3.50 to \$35.00

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Of course, the Easter wardrobe must include a handsome Blouse and Osgood stocks have just the right modes for the occasion. Georgette is the favored material and new, bright colorings and novel designs are featured here.



Georgette Blouses \$5.95 to \$19.75

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